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Green
Pastures
and

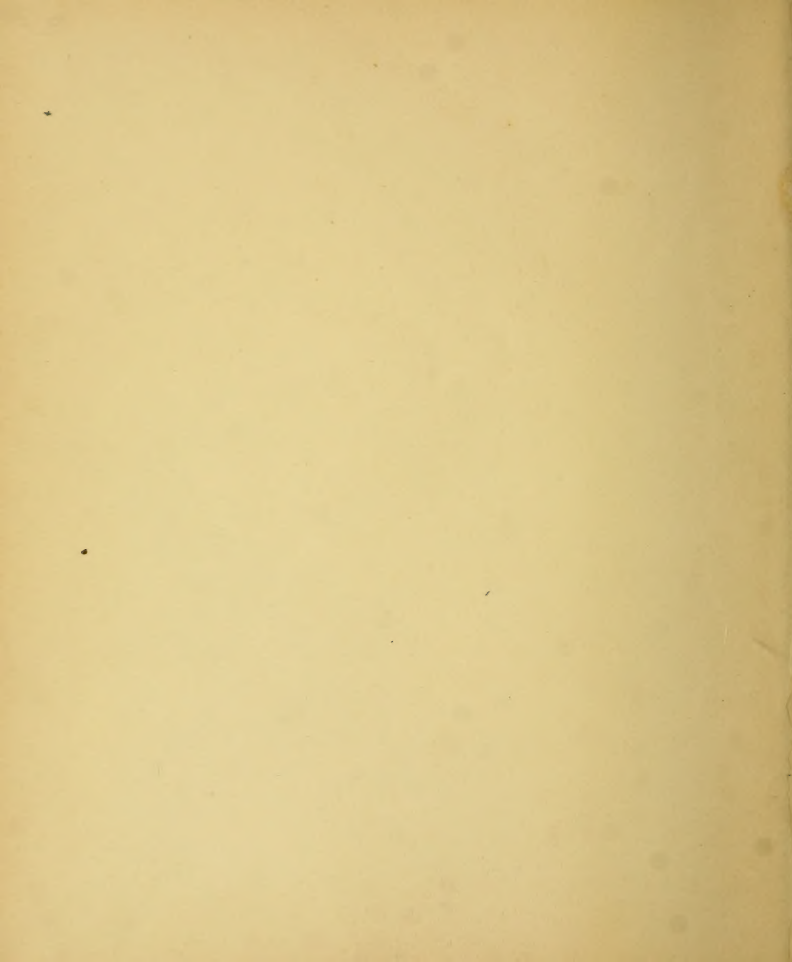
Still
Waters





Class _____

Book _____

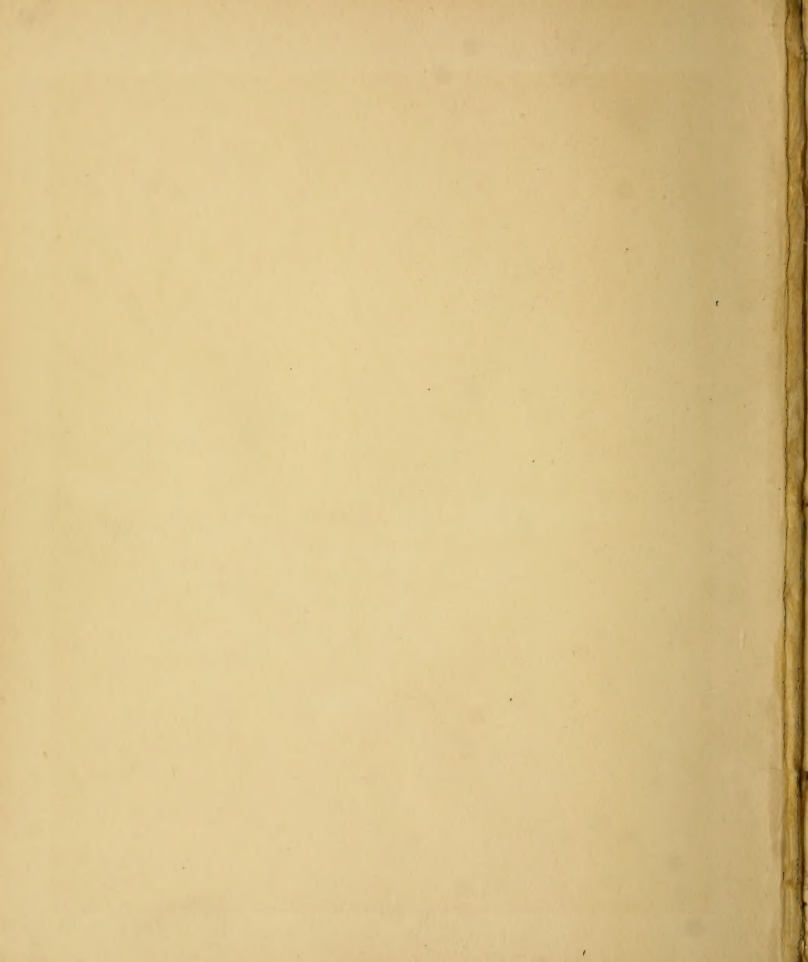


125

Mrs. G. P. Metcalf.
A Merry Christmas.
from

Claude L. Spear.
Edith Bridges.
Blanche White.
Sarah Wright.
Otta Koche.
Mollie G. Giffin.
Alice M. Field.
Bessie G. Dennis.
H. Pearl Dennis.
Maud Shumway.

12-25-90



Green Pastures AND Still Waters

by

Louis W. Harlow

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The LORD is my Shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures; He leadeth me
beside the still waters.

Psalms XXIII.



The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.



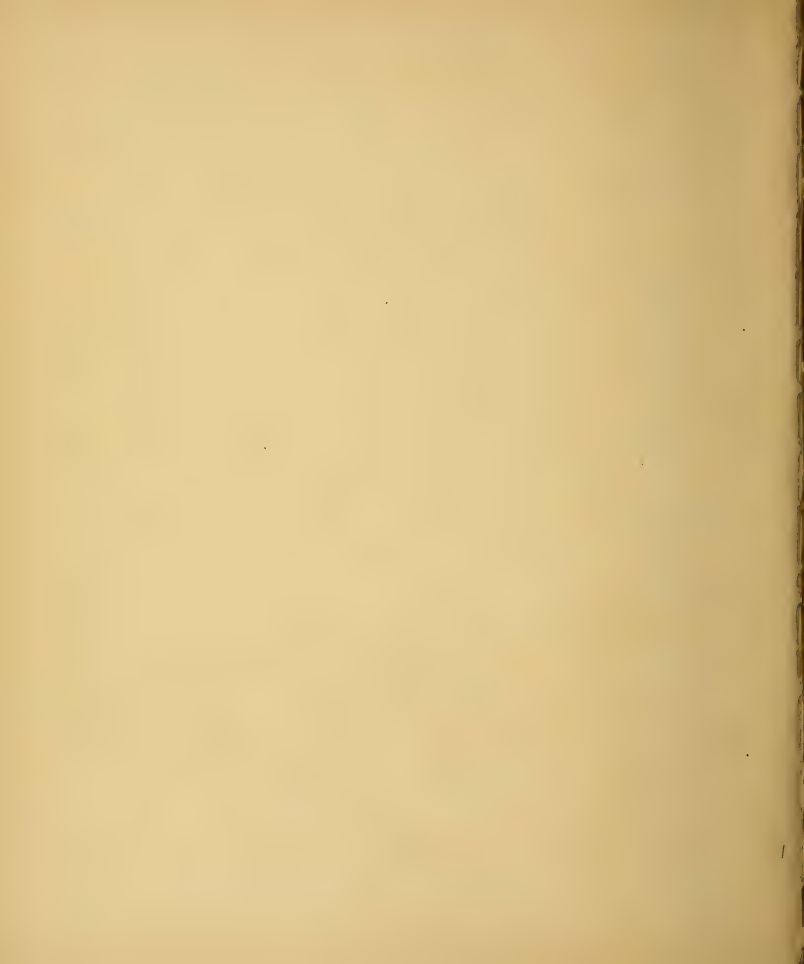
Though in a bare and woody way,
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
Joseph Addison



Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers.
As nowhere else are seen.

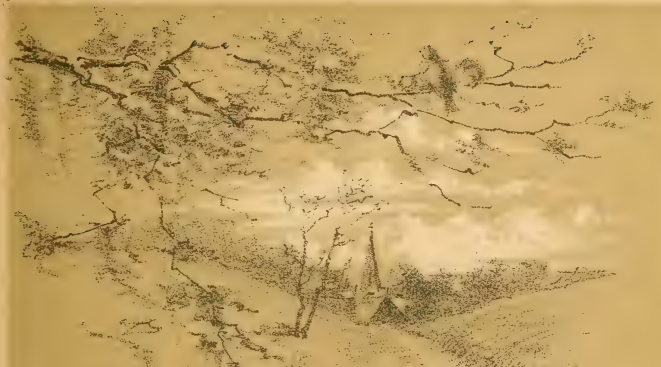
Quite through the streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on every side
The trees of life do grow.

David Dickson



When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.





Ay! it is well;
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide;
There pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide;
Ay! it is well.

Alon.



Where the bleak mountain stood
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood,
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines
Confess the God.

Philip Doddridge.





There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
Isaac Watts.





Dear Memory! whose uncloaked gaze
Can pierce the darkest wilds of space,
I see her morning watch-fires blaze,
I feel her breezes fan my face;
I would not give the light she flings
Across my future landscape scene
For all the pomp and power of kings—
"I would keep my memory green"

James G. Clark.



My feet approach life's western slope:
Above me bend the noonday skies,
Beyond me spreads the realm of hope,
Behind, the land of memory lies;
I know not what the years may bring
Of dangers wild, or joys serene;
But, turning to the east, **I** sing,
"Lord, keep my memory green."
James G. Clark.



Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal.

O land unknown! **O** land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal!
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

Finon.



My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

Dean of Canterbury.





Let Memory near my soul abide,
With eye and voice to warn and win,
Till Hope and Memory, side by side,
Shall walk above the tides of sin—
Till from life's western lakes and hills
The angel lifts the sunset sheen,
And hangs it o'er the eastern hills—
"Lord, keep my memory green!"

James G. Clark.

More than one I count my pastures
As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
Soft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
And the dear names bring to them
Glorious as from shining faces
In some New Jerusalem.





Thou must lead me, and none other;
Truest Lover, Friend, and Brother,
Thou art my soul's shelter, whether
Stars gleam out or tempests gather;
In Thy presence night is day:
Show me Thy way!

Lucy Larcom.

Old,—we are growing old:
Going in to the gardens of rest
That glow through the gold of the West,
Where the rose and the amaranth blend,
And each path is the way to a friend.
Because of the peace that the years unfold,
We are thankfully growing old.

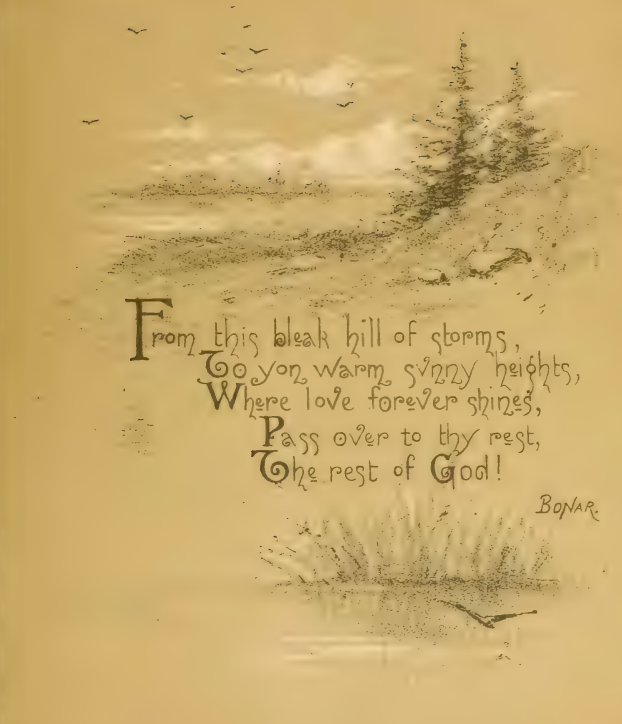
Lucy Larcom



Oh for the peace which floweth as a river;
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever";
Amid the shadows of this "little while!"

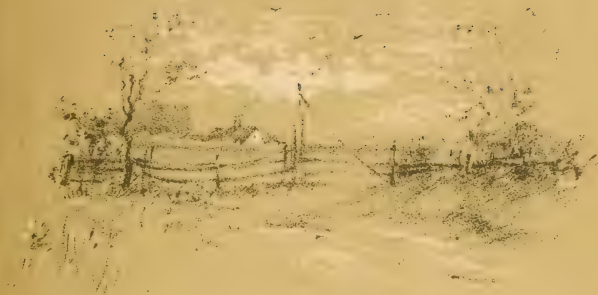
A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
Two wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking,
Beside the fulness of the fountain-head.





From this bleak hill of storms,
To yon warm sunny heights,
Where love forever shines,
Pass over to thy rest,
To the rest of God!

Bonar.



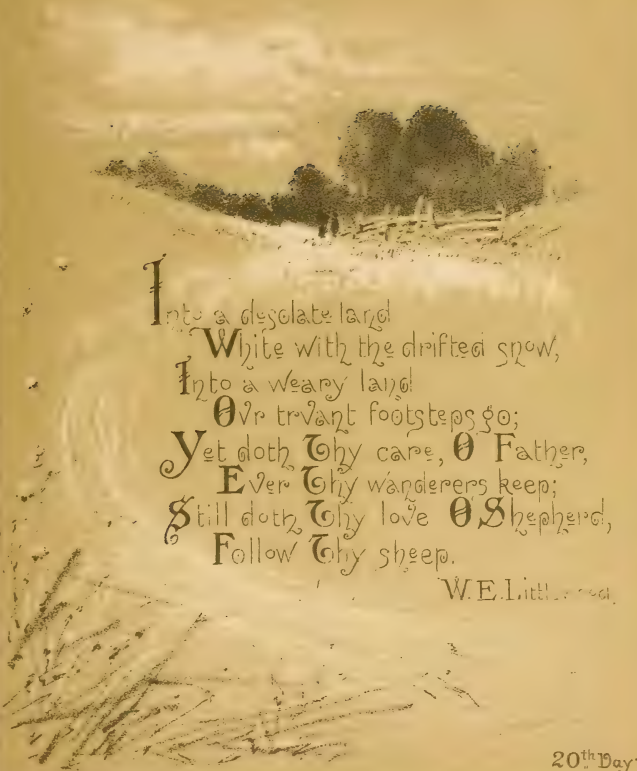
Rest, spirit free!
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of Life Eternal led,
Forever with Thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest.

H. L. L.



Nought? I fear not. If the Power
Maketh this his pastures green,
Maketh this his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loseth none he ever led;
Some where yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

W.G. Farnett.



Into a desolate land
White with the drifted snow,
Into a weary land
O'er truant footsteps go;
Yet doth Thy care, O Father,
Ever Thy wanderers keep;
Still doth Thy love O Shepherd,
Follow Thy sheep.

W.E. Littlewood.



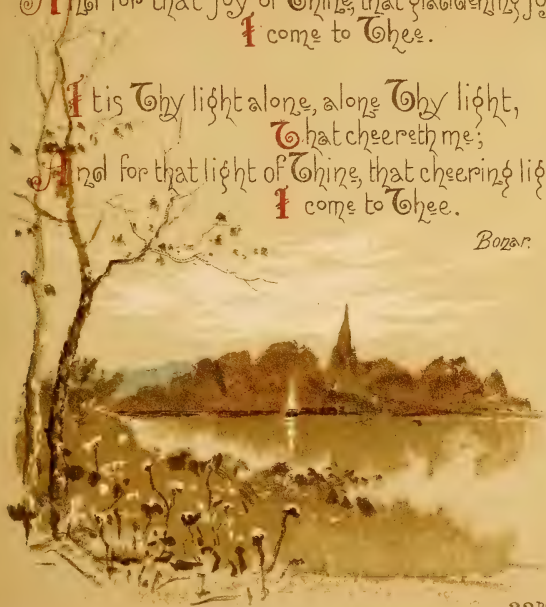
Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Hord, tarry not, but come.

Bonar.


It is Thy joy alone, alone Thy joy,
That gladdens me;
And for that joy of Thine, that gladdening joy,
I come to Thee.

It is Thy light alone, alone Thy light,
That cheereth me;
And for that light of Thine, that cheering light,
I come to Thee.

Bozart.



22nd Day



Drooping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Drooping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever;
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Bonar.



Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Bonar.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water, -thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

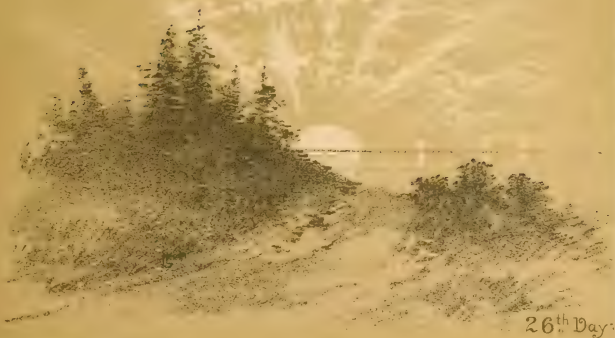
BONAR.




25th Day

Joy, joy! to see, from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise reddening still before;—
More light, more love, more life beyond!


Lucy Larcom





O land of winter and of bloom,
Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
Thy vales and mountains, all are mine!
The holy loves of other years,
With beckning hands toward me lean,
And whispers through their falling tears,
"Lord, keep my memory green."

James G. Clark.



I of Thy majesty and grace
Would night and day be singing;
A sacrifice of joy and praise
Myself to Thee still bringing;
My stream of life shall flow to Thee,
Its steadfast current ceaselessly
In praise to Thee overflowing;
And all the good Thou'st lost to me
I'll treasure in my memory,
Deep in my heart's depths storing.

Paul Gerhard

O Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie

O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

Charles Wesley.



The Sea is wedded to the Sky,-

Element unto element:

She spreads above him tenderly

Her blue, transparent tent.

The Sky is mated with the Sea:

In stormy tumult he ascends

Toward her retreating mystery:-

Not thus their being blends.

But when her deep, eternal calm

Enters into his restless heart,

Each mirrors back the other's charm;

Nearest, when most apart.

Lucy Larwood.

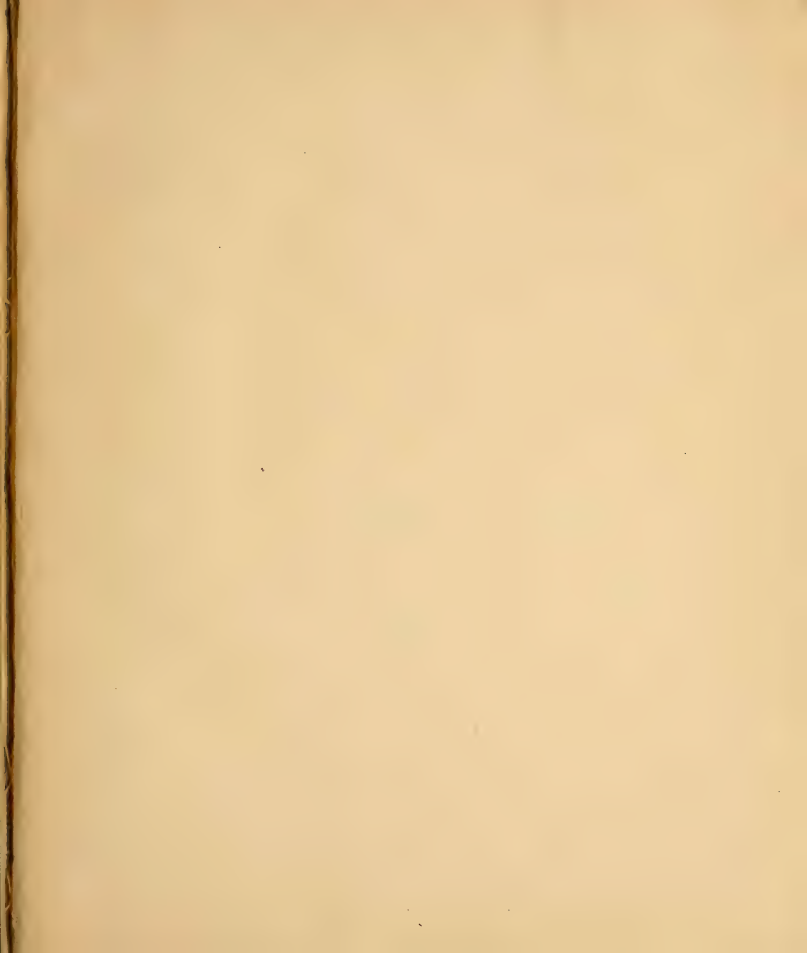
For ye shall go ovt with joy, and
be led forth with peace: the moūnt-
ains and the hills shall break forth
before you into singing, and all the
trees of the field shall clap their
hands.

Isaiah, LV, 12.

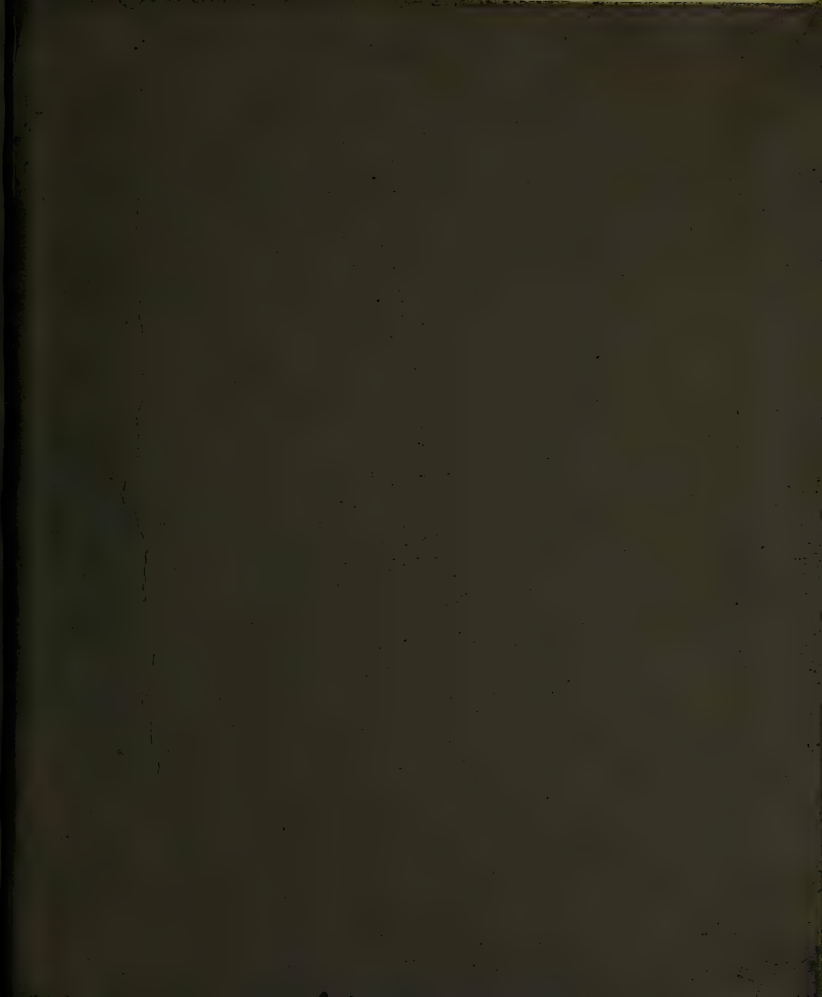


31st Day

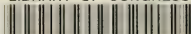
Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all the days of my
life: and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord forever.



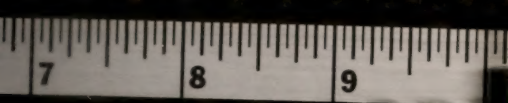




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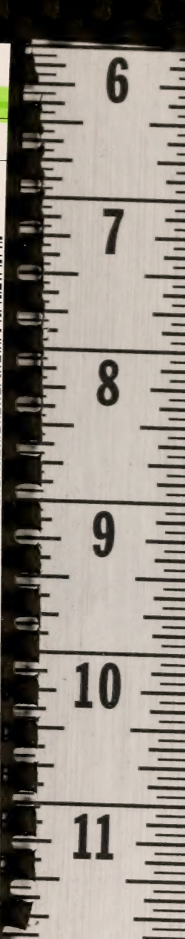


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